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ELEGY

ON

Jamie Gemmill,

TAILOR.

PRINTED THIS YEAR.

Written By John Andrew
Paisley a curious miscellany
Harum Scarum

ELEGY

ON

JAMIE GEMMILL.

Knichts of the thumle far an' near,
Unto my tale pray lend an' ear,
It frae your e'e will draw the tear
Wi' muckle speed,
As soon the waefu' tale ye hear
That Jamie's dead.

O reader, cam he e'er to thee,
An' winkin' at you wi' his e'e,
Saying will tu gie me a bawbee
To get a glass;
For whilk ye wud in a moment see
Him on his arse.

Or hae ye seen him on the street,
Wi' twa auld bauchles on his feet,
Gaun todlin thro' the rain an' weet
Like wan'ring jew,
To see gin he wad chance to meet
A frien' sae true.

As bid him come and get a gill,
Or yet a drink o' nappy yill;
For Jamie weel coud drink his fill
O' them I trew;
And laith was he to rise, until
He did get fou.

Or hae ye seen him sittin' crackin,
In Tammy's Taproom ower a chappi
For to keep a' the company lauchin
He was na laith,
By tellin them he breeks wad mak the
Without the claith.

Or hae ye taen him to yer hame,
To mak claes for yersel or wean?
An' bottle by his side has lain
O' reemin nappy,
That Jamie ilka noo and then
Micht tak a drappy.

For Jamie weel coud use the thumle,
An' was wi' needle aye fu' nimle,
An' ne'er about the price wad grumle
O' ony job,
But aft wad drink until he'd tumle
Clean aff the broad.

But noo alas! puir Jamie's gane,
Like mony mae to his lang hame;
An' in the cauld kirk yard is lain
Past a' remead,
Nae mair for to return again
Sin' he is dead.

Nae mair about the corse ye'll see him
Nae mair a bawbee will ye gie him,
Nae mair his hat he'll gar flee frae him
Upon the street,
An' cry noo Jamie Gemmill gie them
The Tailor's leap.

But noo I maun lay doun my pen,
An' to my verses mak an' en',
Whare'er he's gaen weel may he fen',
An' let ilk chiel
Unto his prayer say Amen.
Sae fare ye weel.

EPITAPH.

Here in this Kirk yard
There lieth interr'd
The Body of wee Jamie G.....l,
Who on earth was aye frisky

Wi' drinkin' o' whisky ;
An' wi' needle an' thread
Was fu' nimle.

But ae day alas !
When takin' a glass.
Death cam and awa
Wi' him jumpet ;
An' noo here he lies,
Till the dead shall arise,
At the soun' o' the
Archangel's trumpet.

FINIS.

PER CONTRA.

Dry your tears and cease your grievin,
Jamie Gemmill yet is leevin;
If a glass ye'd like to gie him,
At the Corse ye'll ablins see him.